

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.*

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the one, the Blue—
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat—
All, with the battle blood-gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the laurel, the Blue—
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the roses, the Blue—
Under the lilies, the Gray.

*The incident to which this poem refers happened so long ago that it may be necessary to explain it. On a Decoration Day soon after the close of the Civil War, some Southern women visited a cemetery in order to lay flowers on the graves of the Confederate soldiers there buried; and also laid flowers on the graves of the Northern soldiers, whose friends were not there to do so.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sunrays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue—
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue—
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years now fading,
No braver battle was won!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue—
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue—
Tears and love for the Gray.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WHAT DOTH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE?

There are a thousand ways by which
people may enter upon the religious life,
just as there are many roads leading into
a great city. One person seeks the city
by water, another travels on the railway
train, and still another journeys on foot;
but by various routes and different modes
of transportation, all come at length to
the same place.

So, whether a person attains to the vision
of God and the conviction of duty by
means of a sudden conversion in a revival
meeting, or through the inspiration re-
ceived at a regular service on Sunday
morning, or in the conscientious perform-

ance of every-day duty, we must think that the way by which he starts is God's way of bringing his child to himself; and that in the divine sight the special road by which one reaches the kingdom of heaven is of slight importance as compared with the right kind of character for citizenship therein. Therefore let us not find fault with any one for not going along with us in seeking the Father's house; but rather let us rest assured that he who faithfully pursues the path of high endeavor, in obedience to the light he may have, trusting in God and trying to help others on the journey, will by and by reach the home of the soul and hear the glad greeting of the Spirit: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Nowhere, either in the Old Testament or the New, can we find a summary of religious duty more comprehensive, or more worthy of our admiration and study than the one you have placed on the wall of this church and which I have chosen for our theme today: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Its first requirement is to do justly. The word "just" has a wide and deep significance. It means not only what is fair and equitable, but also that which is blameless, pure, upright. For the purpose to be right lies no less at the foundation of the religious life than underneath all moral philosophy. It is the first round of the ladder by which humanity climbs from earth to heaven. All persons who are resolved to be upright in character, to keep the heart pure, the mind free, the will faithful, the life blameless, thus obeying the conscience, are certainly on the road that leads to heaven.

Because the conscience is the voice of God in the soul, and whoever obeys it is obeying God, and if our purpose is to be upright in thought and conduct, the pathway of obedience will bring us to the mount of spiritual insight where we shall become conscious of the divine presence and help—and this knowledge, as Jesus has said, imparts eternal life to all who attain it.

And it must have been the Divine Spirit who inspired that ancient prophet to announce that the first step in religious duty was "to do justly," since everybody knows how to begin there, and can begin at once. A purpose to do right, to be honest, clean, fair, is within the power of a child; and none of us, however wise and strong, are more than equal to such a demand. Then, too, the

fruit produced by the Spirit—love, joy, peace, forbearance, kindness, generosity, trustfulness, gentleness, self-control—is bound to grow out of such a purpose; for the moment we begin to do right—the moment we try to obey the voice of duty in the soul—we enter the sphere of spiritual things, and begin to reach after ideal attainments.

If, for instance, we try to be fair in our daily dealings and social intercourse, we soon discover that this means more than mere outside honesty. To be fair in our outward actions we must be clean within—must be pure in heart, think no evil, allow no unkind thought a resting-place in the mind. Oh, if we would tell the truth always and everywhere, we must think truly and seek to know what is true in every case that comes to our attention!

Now do we not see more clearly how every effort on our part "to do justly" will lift the soul to a higher plane, giving us a larger view of what justice really is, and teaching us something about the Divine Being who requires this quality in our character? And then, right away, as we try to do justly, we begin to learn that to be just in this ideal fashion, we must also "love mercy."

To be merciful is not simply to show pity or to be willing to forgive an injury. The idea of kindness and compassion is likewise implied. Mere justice, cold and hard, is not a Christian grace. Justice must be tempered with mercy. It must be interfused with good will and brotherly sympathy. When we try to do right we find the way difficult and narrow: we see how full of faults and failings we are ourselves. Thus we come to feel the need of good will and compassion from others. In this way we learn to give sympathy and kindness to others.

It is this thought of our own weakness and need of good will which enforces Portia's words to Shylock in Shakespeare's inimitable description of justice and mercy in "The Merchant of Venice." You will remember how she insists that justice is an attribute of God, and where mercy seasons justice there we have a clear view of the nature of divinity; and then how she asks the Jew to consider "that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy."

The joining of love with mercy in this second step of religious duty is likewise worthy of especial attention. We must do

justly, but should love mercy. And here, also, the sentiment of the play throws a ray of light upon the teaching of the Bible, showing how mercy is of too divine a quality to be measured by any other standard than that of the ideal or spiritual life.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

"O God, thy blessings hang in clusters.
They come trooping upon us. They break
forth like mighty waters on every side.
Thou hast fed us with the bread of life.
Make it health and strength unto us till our
obedience reach the measure of thy good-
ness, and we learn to do justly, love mercy,
and walk humbly with thee."—Amen.—
Alexander T. Bowser.

THE STILL HOUR.

"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.

"Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

We see, then, that the mere outward form of a deed does not constitute an act of mercy. For mercy is of spiritual origin: its source and spring is in the soul itself. It does not weigh or measure its outpouring, but overflows all the bounds of justice, as defined and limited by legal phrase and custom. It goes forth in generous sympathy and boundless compassion to forgive and comfort and bless the undeserving, and those who have no other claim than their exceeding need. To do justly is the law of duty; but to love mercy is to pass up out of the realm of duty into the sphere of beauty. It is to make a fine art of daily life—the good Samaritan of the divine parable turning back from his journey (although he had already done everything that duty could possibly demand) to say to the host of the inn: "Take care of him until he can care for himself, and I will repay thee when I come this way again."

It is the law of ideal development that duty should thus lead to self-sacrifice, justice show the way to compassion, and

the pure in heart be blest with a vision of heavenly love and mercy. But, alas! how slow is our progress in this upward way! How prone we are to keep aloof from distress, and to withhold our sympathy from those who have fallen into sin and evil! Hence the necessity of the third step in religious duty: "To walk humbly with our God."

When we measure our religious attainment by the standard of the Christ and see how far we fall below his ideal of Christian character, we discover how little reason there is for thinking ourselves better than other folk, or for feeling contempt for any one on account of his faults and failings. Who made us to differ? If our circumstances and environment had been the same, perhaps we should have plunged into even greater depths of folly and wickedness.

Therefore let us be careful to obey this third injunction of our text, and walk humbly with our God. For whoever walks from day to day with one hand in the hand of God, trusting in the divine strength, looking for divine inspiration, following divine guidance, and the other hand extended in help to those about him who need encouragement, gradually acquires the Christ-spirit of thoughtful tenderness and good will, and learns that in the ideal life "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other." To walk thus with God bridges the dark gulf which too often separates justice from love and parts mercy from truth in human affairs. It likewise teaches us that if God cares, for us, he also cares for all his other children—that none can go so far away, or sink so deep, as to be beyond the compassion of Infinite tenderness.—*A. T. Bowser.*

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Though severe his judgments be.

"There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

"If our faith is true and simple,
We shall take him at his word,
And our lives will be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord."

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

For the following books, address Miss Cora A. Tilden, 63 Maple Street, Milton Mass.

"Cooking Hints," Harland; "From Colony to Commonwealth"; "Self-Reliance," Emerson; "Addresses," Drummond; "Games of Solitaire with Cards"; "Hymns of the Spirit"; "Hymns of the Ages"; "Poems," E. R. Sill; "Old Christmas," W. Irving; "Nouveau Testament" (French); "Standard Dictionary"; "Botany," Gray; "Life and Travels of Adelia Gates"; *Modern Priscilla* (fancy work) for 1904.

Fiction.

"Stepping Heavenward," Prentiss; "Heart and Sword," J. S. Winter; "Andromeda," R. Buchanan; "A Ward of the King"; "A Fool's Errand"; "Mrs. Gerald," Pool; "Great K. & A. Train Robbery," Ford; "Princess of Peele," Westale; "Black Beauty"; "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

The *American Journal of Nursing* is offered by Miss Catalina Davis, 47 Pleasant Street, Gloucester, Mass. It is a magazine adapted to one studying for a trained nurse or filling such a position.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. It has been about three years since I wrote a request that was published in your dear little paper. I certainly have enjoyed my connection with you. Have had lots of nice things sent me to read, many of which I have passed on to others. I should like so much if some one would send me current numbers of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and any of the following books: "At the Mercy of Tiberius," "Lady Betty across the Water," or any books by the authors,

C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Thanking you for past favors. Miss Jimmie D. Ross, Vinton, Virginia.

2. Mrs. B. Franklin Walker, The Eyrie, Daisy Gulch, Murray, Idaho, writes: "We came here from Massachusetts a year ago, and I have thought and thought how best to help the people here. They need everything. They have lived here for years and never had anything, and think they never can have. There are the children, first of all, none of them beyond the fifth grade of school, though many are over fifteen years of age. There is no school here, but some of them are sent to Murray, a few months, now and then. We need a good dictionary in our library, and if we could get an encyclopædia it would be a grand thing, not only for our library, but the school. We need good fiction, especially for young people. The boys here drink like old men. I want to get them interested and give them something to do beside card-playing and drinking, and a place to go aside from the saloons. All of the people like to read. That is why I feel a library comes next to a school. They borrow all our papers and books and seem so glad of them. We will be most grateful for books, especially good novels and children's books. We hope, before summer, to have a free library and reading-room, as well as to be able to send magazines out to the mines. Games of all kinds could be used in the reading-room. Express on books would be very expensive, but freight can be prepaid through to Wallace, and from Wallace to Murray it will be \$1 per 100 pounds, which can be sent by mail. The address is Murray, Idaho, care N. P. R. R., via Wallace. Mr. Clemson, the agent, in Old South Building, Boston, might be able to give reduced rates on freight."

3. When I was twelve years old I asked for clippings for my scrap-book, and had just plenty sent me. Now I am coming again to ask for reading. I have the "Lightning Conductor," and would be glad of any others by the same author,—A. M. and C. N. Williamson. Would also like any of Miss Louisa Alcott's books, especially "The Eight Cousins." And I, too, like Edward E. Hale's books. Would be glad of any of his, or any of the "Pansy Books." Please do not think me greedy. I merely wished to tell what authors I like best. Miss L. Pearl Brown, Vinton, Virginia.

4. Some kind friend has sent me copies of magazines through 1907 which I have

enjoyed, and I thank them very much. Will some one please send me the *Delineator* for 1908? I will very much appreciate it. Any good reading will be appreciated and passed on to others. We are not able to buy books or papers. My address has been changed from Idem, Virginia, to Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 2. Thanking you for your kindness. Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 2.

5. If any one can send me Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," I shall be most grateful. Failing that, I should be glad to receive any *evangelical* life of Christ. Also, if some one can send me a good weekly newspaper, or news sections only of some good daily, I shall be most thankful. Mrs. C. E. Guernsey, Great Bend, Pennsylvania.

6. Will some one please send me some reading,—papers, books, magazines,—really anything would be accepted joyfully. Just any good wholesome reading suitable for young people. Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Waxahachie, Texas.

7. I received a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* the other day and read it every word. I am a farmer's wife, and we live in the country sixteen miles from the railroad and three miles or more from any church, so we do not get to church often, as we have four children and I do all my work myself. We have a little Sunday-school we started up this spring. We have two little girls large enough to go to school. I would be glad of any books or papers that would be suitable for them, also any reading matter for myself, post-cards for the children, as we do not take any papers except the county papers. I would like to receive the *Woman's Home Companion* or *Ladies' Home Journal* occasionally. I will appreciate and feel grateful for any reading sent us. Also, there is a bright little girl about eleven years old, living near me, whose parents are too poor to buy her any books except what she is obliged to have when she goes to school. I would be glad for her to receive books or papers. Her name is Lula Bishop. Mrs. L. C. Horton, Elkville, North Carolina.

8. My two boys would be glad if any one would send them *Cassell's Magazine* for 1898 and 1899. I will gladly pay the postage on them. Mrs. J. A. Reeher, Wilson, Oregon.

9. Mrs. M. A. Leach, Mineola, Texas, R. R. 2, Box 46, will be glad to receive

"No such Word as Fail," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or any religious reading.

10. Reading matter (not religious) is much needed by the soldiers at the tuberculosis hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, Commandant, Major George E. Bushnell. Boxes marked for the hospital and sent prepaid to Quartermaster's Office, 263 Summer Street, Boston, will be forwarded free of further expense.

Will any one who is willing to teach ordinary school subjects, please write Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to that effect.

11. It is so long a time since I wrote asking for any reading that I think my *Cheerful Letter* friends have forgotten me. I would be glad to get any of Mark Twain's works, or any good books, which I will, as of old, pass on as soon as read. I am confined to the house considerably with rheumatism and find much comfort in reading good books. S. C. Gardiner, Iron Bridge, Ontario, Canada.

12. Alma Smith, Campbell, North Carolina, asks for a second reader.

13. Mrs. K. K. Church, Goshen, North Carolina, a widow with two children, will be glad of any good reading.

14. I will be so glad to have some books to read. I sometimes get some odd numbers of magazines and some papers, but I would love to have some light reading,—novels, or almost anything. Would especially like some of the more recent books,—*"The Virginian," "The Masqueraders," "To Have and to Hold," "Red Rock,"* or some such books. But anything will be enjoyed. Miss Jennie Billingsley, Lignum, Virginia.

15. Mrs. Minnie Gest, Morrow, Ohio, will be pleased to receive any of Mrs. Gaskell's writings, excepting *"Cranford."*

16. Mrs. Lizzie Church, Adley, North Carolina, will be glad of reading. She is an invalid, confined to her bed most of the time.

CORRECTION.

Miss E. M. Kimball's address should be East *Hebron*, New Hampshire (not Nelson, as printed).

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MODE OF DEALING WITH DISOBEDIENCE.

(Continued from last number.)

When Johnny refused to give up his whip, as his mother first, and afterward, Mary Osborne had commanded him to do, and when afterward Mary Osborne told his mother that she did not think that he would do any damage with it, and his mother appeared satisfied, he supposed that Mary Osborne was satisfied too, and that the whole affair was amicably settled. But it was not settled by any means.

Johnny had taken his seat upon the grass by the side of the pathway, feeling still some little mental disquietude on account of what had occurred, being, after all, not perfectly sure how Mary Osborne might take it, when, after a moment's pause, Mary Osborne said to him, speaking in a tone expressive of disappointment and sorrow, "Now, Johnny, you have done a great deal of mischief."

Johnny instinctively raised his eyes to the flower border, and began to look among the flowers, to see if he had struck down any of them.

"Where?" said he.

"Not there," said Mary Osborne. "You have not broken any of the flowers, and if you had I should not have cared much for it."

"Then what mischief have I done?" asked Johnny.

"You have spoiled all our play," said Mary Osborne, "by disobeying me. I told you to carry the whip to your mother, and you did not obey me. And that has spoiled all the play."

Johnny hung his head and did not reply.

"And we were having such a nice time together," said Mary Osborne, in a mournful tone.

"But I want to keep my whip," said Johnny, "I could not play without my whip."

"That's the very thing," said Mary Osborne. "There is no particular good in giving up your whip when you don't want it. But when you *do* want it very much indeed, if *then* you give it to your mother when she calls for it, that is the very best kind of obedience. Indeed, that is the only kind that is good at all."

While saying these things, Mary Osborne had been putting up her work and now she rose from her seat, and, approaching Johnny, she put out her hand to him.

"Where are you going?" asked Johnny.

"Take your cane and your whip and your cart, and come with me. I will tell you what to do."

Mary Osborne was going to send Johnny home. The most obvious way of doing this would have been to direct him to climb back over the fence into his mother's garden. But Mary Osborne was not much acquainted with Johnny yet, and she did not know how obstinate and unmanageable he might become, if irritated and made angry. She thought it possible that, if she directed him to return over the fence, he might refuse to do so, and it would be out of her power to compel him, if he should so refuse. The only course which would be left to her in that case, would be to go away and leave him, and she thought that, if she were to do that, he might become so exasperated as to do some wanton and perhaps serious mischief.

She was careful not to get into a contest with him under circumstances which would give him such an advantage over her. She had accordingly determined to lead him quietly through the garden, and out to the yard, and thence through the front gate into the road, and there dismiss him. By pursuing this course she made it much more difficult for him to resist her in her intention of sending him home.

Johnny did not know exactly what Mary Osborne was going to do with him, but he had a feeling that it was some kind of reproof or punishment that she was preparing for him, and so he felt a desire to say something in excuse or extenuation of his fault.

"My mother did not care anything about my giving her the whip," at length he said, as he and Mary Osborne were walking along the grand alley of the garden toward the front gate.

"That makes no difference," said Mary Osborne. "She told you to bring her the whip, and you ought to have obeyed her. Don't you think it wrong for a boy to disobey his mother?"

"I—don't—know," said Johnny, speaking hesitatingly.

"It is very wrong," replied Mary Osborne. "When your mother directs you to do anything, no matter whether you think she does not care much about it or not, and no matter how unwilling you may be to do it, you ought to do it at once, and it is very wrong for you to disobey."

Johnny was silent.

"Then, besides, you disobeyed me too," added Mary Osborne. "I directed you to carry the whip to your mother, and you

would not do it even then. So you disobeyed me too."

"But, Miss Osborne," said Johnny, "Why am I bound to obey you? You are not my mother."

"No," said Mary Osborne, "you are not bound to obey me. You can do just as you please about that. But I should think you *would* obey me out of gratitude."

"What does that mean?" asked Johnny.

"Why, I should think you would like to obey me, because I gave you your little compass, and because I invite you to come over and play in our garden, and then help you play. But then you are not obliged to obey me. You cannot disobey your mother without doing very wrong; but you can do as you please about obeying me. And then I can do as I please about letting you play here."

"What are you going to do with me now?" asked Johnny.

"I am going to send you home," replied Mary Osborne, "out by the front gate."

"But suppose I stay here," said Johnny "and won't go?"

"Then," said Mary Osborne, "I should leave you, and go and ask Thomas to come and carry you out."

"But I would not go," said Johnny, "I would scream and kick."

"Thomas would like that," said Mary Osborne, "the screaming would only amuse him; and as for the kicking, he would easily stop that by getting a strap out of the stable and strapping your ankles together. He would imagine that he was Rarey taming a wild horse, and it would be good play for him."

Johnny concluded that, on the whole, it would not be expedient for him to resort to screaming and kicking on that occasion, and so he continued to walk along with Mary Osborne. Indeed, the growing tendency toward a spirit of rebellion, which was manifesting itself in his mind, was stopped and in some measure broken up, by the diversion of his thoughts, produced by Mary Osborne's presenting to him such images as strapping a boy's ankles together, and Rarey's taming a wild horse. Any new and striking turn given to the thoughts of a child in such a case, will often ward off a coming fit of obstinacy.

It was in a great measure on this account that Mary Osborne made the allusion to Rarey, and finding that Johnny was disposed to listen, she went on to tell him something about the great horse-tamer's exploits, to all of which Johnny listened with great interest, and soon began to appear in very good

humor again. He was always interested in hearing about horses.

"I am very sorry to have to send you home," said Mary Osborne, at length, "because I like you very much, and like to have you come here to play. But you see it will not do for me to have any children here, in my father's garden and grounds, unless I can depend on their obeying me *immediately and always*, whatever I command them. I shall try you again, some day."

"Try me now," said Johnny. "I will obey you now."

"No," said Mary, "the play is spoiled for to-day. But you may come to-morrow, and I will try you then, if I have occasion to command you to do something you are unwilling to do. Unless it is something that you do not wish to do, you know there is no particular good in the obedience."

"But, first," added Mary Osborne, "before I send you home, I am going to show you my swing."

So saying, Mary Osborne took Johnny into a back building, where there was a swing, and she let him get into it, and swung him in it for some time. She counted the oscillations until they amounted to thirty. Then she led him to the gate which opened into the street, and bade him good-bye. He bade her good-bye, too, and they parted as if they were the best friends in the world.

Thus it appears that while in respect to such mistakes and errors on the part of children, as result from ignorance and inexperience, Mary Osborne was extremely careful not to find fault even in the most gentle way, but endeavored to supply the knowledge and experience that was wanting by other modes; yet, in cases of deliberate and wilful wrong-doing, she brought herself squarely and fully to confront the transgression, and adopted the most firm and decided measures for correcting the evil, though she carried out these measures in a very kind and gentle and good-natured manner.—*Mary Osborne, by Jacob Abbott.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

MACK, THE PARROT.

VIII.

One afternoon Mack had two very appreciative visitors, a gentleman and lady who were especially interested in his singing. Encouraged by their approval he was full of enthusiasm, and his song was loud and long. In the midst of it all a noisy dog ran by the open window, barking

loudly, and so interrupting Mack's singing. Mack was angry, and exclaimed, "I don't like it! I won't have it!" repeating this several times. At breakfast, next morning, the incident was related to me in Mack's presence. He looked me squarely in the face, and said, with the utmost seriousness: "I felt *bad*!"

He leads a busy life behind his cage-wires. Awaking early in the morning he listens to every sound out of doors, especially to the hoarse cawing of the crows, and the sweet songs of the other birds. How he wishes that he could sing like them! Sometimes he will begin to imitate them; but suddenly stops, as if he were attempting the impossible. We do not try to teach him anything, fearing that we should destroy, or hinder, his delightful spontaneity. Finding that he cannot vie with his brothers of the field and woods, he gives up the effort and contents himself with perfect imitations of crows, bluejays, and roosters.

He is a creature of habit. As the afternoon wanes he likes to sit at a western window where he gets the last of the blessed sunshine; and, when the sun has set, he calls for a "cover," and asks for the "fire," which means that he wishes to be placed in a warm corner, with a thin blanket around his cage that no drafts may reach him from some open door. In cool weather he will stay there until eight o'clock, or later. He does not approve of going to bed before that time. As he begins to be sleepy his feet come closer and closer together, until they touch each other, when he can be put to bed without remonstrance. If sent to bed too soon he will begin to cry like a child, and has to be brought out again into the family group. He does not propose to be cheated out of one moment of life. Out of his half-closed eyes he watches all the happenings of the household,—the coming of visitors, errand boys, etc. If a friend of his calls he is awake in a moment, saying, "I know *her*!" and he enjoys a social hour, no matter how sleepy he may have been before the knocker sounded.

His sleeping-place is on a square piano, in a quiet room. Through the *portieres* he listens to the family talk, never minding it unless one calls out to another in an adjoining room. Then Mr. Mack utters a little growl of complaint, whereupon we forbear speaking above a moderate tone of voice.

He awakens early in the morning, and listens for the first step on the floors above him. Politely enough, he remains quiet until certain preliminary household duties have been attended to, when he asks us, in

the sweetest tones, not to forget "Mackie."
H. M. Knowlton.

A CAT TO BE HONORED.

Some time ago I took home to my children a quail, which had one of its wings injured, intending to let him go in the spring, but in the meantime "Fritz" (as the children named him) became so attached to us all that he refused to fly away when liberated.

Our cat is a good mouser, but also a great pet, and soon "Woolie" and "Fritz" became bosom friends. The cat likes to have "Fritz" walk all over him, and they eat and sleep together. "Woolie," on one occasion, more than proved his friendship toward the quail. During the summer it happened that we all went away and left the two pets alone over night. We had left orders for the milkman to fill the cat's dish in the yard with milk, which he did, but, alas! poor "Woolie" did not get a drop of it; for somehow, during the excitement of getting away, the cat had slipped into the little room in which the quail has his abode and is free to walk about. When we returned very late the following night, we heard the cat scratching within, and we expected to see nothing left of the quail but his feathers, to tell the tale, but such was not the case, for "Woolie," in spite of his two days' fasting, had not touched the bird.

One of the quail's latest achievements is to defend the children when they play with the dog. He flies at the dog, flaps his wings, pecks him, and whistles at the top of his voice, until the dog stops jumping at the children.

I am learning the quail language, and can tell what is the matter with "Fritz," when in the next room. He makes a great many different sounds which all have their meaning, for he always makes the same sounds for the same thing. By closely observing this for some time, I can now tell by the sound of his voice, when he is afraid, pleased, angry, surprised, contented, or lonely. When any one enters, he has a certain sound as if greeting him.—*A. H. Schippang, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in "Bird-Lore."*

[The editor wishes that all the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* could see the charming picture of "Woolie" and "Fritz" in the number of *Bird-Lore* for March and April (taken from life), "Fritz" seated peacefully on the head of his generous friend. Ought not "Woolie" to have a medal from the Humane Society?]

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

There are advantages in travelling with a party; but there are also great advantages in sometimes taking a journey independently. If you travel with friends you have to come home before you want to. The week that you were reserving for London is reduced to two days; the fortnight in Scotland to a week; and you *never* see Stratford or Melrose, because every one else has been there before. If you have planned to have a week in Venice, your friend in Paris sends you an urgent message to "come on at once to Paris" (the very day you have arrived in Venice), while your other friend, in Venice, asks if you could not "as well stay another week here." All this (and a great deal more) you expect; and the only way to have peace in traveling with others, is to have no will of your own; and to accommodate yourself to the plans of your friends, so far as you can do so, when every one of them has a different plan.

It is a great comfort to take a journey quite alone, now and then, and for once to follow your own plans. Especially in England, and more especially, if you have been in England before; and if you are "middle-aged" (for nobody is old, nowadays), and if you belong to the Women's Rest Tour Association, there are no difficulties worth mentioning. Of course there are disadvantages in every arrangement. But, as a friend of mine once said, in changing her cook, it is well sometimes "to be worn in a new spot."

Two or three years ago I took a journey alone in England, and am quite surprised now to think how well it turned out. My object was to pick up dropped stitches; and one of these stitches was Stratford-on-Avon. I expected to feel a little lonely and homesick, now and then; and so I did. But it might have been much worse; and almost everywhere, I had friends who were as kind to me as possible. This prevented me from ever feeling very much alone.

I began by meeting an English friend in Liverpool, which gave me a pleasant feeling of being welcome. Then a few days in London, brightened by a day and night with my friend, Miss Sharpe, in Highbury, which was an especially pleasant episode. It was like going into the country. Highbury is a part of London, it is true; but the house of my friend is one of a row that fronts on a large grassy enclosure, open to the public until nine or ten o'clock, but after that, perfectly still, and with gardens behind all the houses. So I went to sleep in country

quiet and fresh air, instead of the oppressive London atmosphere, and woke to look out on waving trees, green grass, and flowers, and to breakfast with friends in pleasant, familiar scenes.

I had been once at Stratford, going for the day, from Oxford, and throwing in Kenilworth and Warwick. This time I was to have a whole week.

If you belong to the Women's Rest Tour Association you are provided with a list of boarding and lodging places recommended by other members. Most of these are reasonable in price; and sometimes to stay at them is more like making a visit than boarding, the traveller receives so much kindness, and forms pleasant acquaintances. I picked out a place in Stratford, called "Ye Olde Vicarage"; but I did not have the least idea what it was like. On arriving, to my surprise, I found my conveyance stopping at an antique building, the Shakespeare Grammar School. Of course I thought we had stopped there for some errand; but no, it was my own destination. It appeared that the Vicarage is an adjunct of the school, formerly the residence of the master or masters. You pass through the school-building to reach it, and it is not seen from the street. The guide-book describes it thus,—“an interesting structure of great antiquity. The beams of the roof are of enormous size, and possibly the southern portion of the building was originally of one story with an open timbered roof, the northern end having upper chambers or solars.”

The wood work was of ancient black oak, and old pieces of oak furniture stood here and there in the house. When I could orient myself, I found that the whole group of buildings consisted of three, the Guild Chapel (of Shakespeare's time) on the corner of Church Street and Chapel Lane; the Grammar School Building, long and low, adjoining it and extending along Church Street; behind this the "Vicarage" or "Pedagogues" house; and behind this again and the Chapel, a large garden, the side of which is on Chapel Lane. On the opposite side of Chapel Lane extends the ground of New Place, the home of Shakespeare during his last years. His house *did* front on Church Street, but alas! exists no more. The garden only remains. It was at one time the residence of a clergyman, Rev. Francis Gastrell. He was so annoyed by visitors requesting to see the house that he had it destroyed, thus rendering himself "the most execrated iconoclast of modern times." As he could not live in it after it

was torn down it seems a pity that there was no lady from Philadelphia to advise him to move, *before* the destruction, instead of after. The next house to it is now called New Place, and belongs to the trustees of the birthplace of Shakespeare, and next to this is the house of Julius Shaw, an intimate friend of the poet, and one of the witnesses of his will. Visitors are admitted to the grounds of Shakespeare's house, by ringing at the door of the modern "New Place."

To be living in this old house, so close a neighbor of Shakespeare's last home, and among the contemporary buildings, within a few steps of the church where he is buried, and the Memorial Building, and Hall's Croft, the house of his daughter, seemed to carry me back at once to the time of Elizabeth; and it was almost like visiting Shakespeare himself.

My hostess welcomed me like a friend, and gave me a very pleasant room, large and comfortable. In the morning when I woke I heard across the courtyard the cheerful sound of the boys assembling for morning school, just far enough away not to disturb me. This is where Shakespeare went to school as a boy; and, as the name still survives in Stratford, there may have been a William Shakespeare among the boys that morning.

L. F. C.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

NEWTON, October 27, 1839.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

My dear James,—I send you by Dr. Flint some of the curiosities of the season: Margaret's* letter, giving some account of her intended conversation party; Mr. Alcott's invitation to his Interpretations of Christianity; and some few of the Pierpont documents, which accidentally fell into my possession, but which signify little. I beg you will take the utmost care of my Alcott invitation and restore it to me safely, for I reckon it a great distinction to be invited, and wish it were in my power to go. I shall go to Margaret's party and the Emerson Lectures, which will be as much as I can possibly attend to, beside my other affairs, though I would give them both for that one opportunity of hearing Mr. Alcott discourse on the Life and Opinions of Jesus of Nazareth.

I had a visit of two days from Margaret, and she gave me a good deal of her company in that space of time. Anna B. has been with her and came with Mr. Emerson to see me. Margaret has at last effected a meeting be-

tween those two distinguished individuals, which resulted in the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The fastidious Mr. Emerson forgot to question in her presence, and acknowledged the divine right of a fair soul. He remembered, however, to enquire about "that other Anna," as he calls yours, and renewed his regrets that his interview with her was so short.

Anna B., I suppose, will see you as she returns to New Orleans, and will tell you that she has been at Chicago and made acquaintance with all our family there, and made friends with William in particular. She will show you, too, the effect of that European culture, which Margaret so values, on an unsophisticated nature which is both fair and true. When you see her, don't forget to make her talk of Italy and what it includes. She gives living descriptions of pictures, and especially of statues which overcame her particularly, as she says she had never seen but one before she went abroad, and that was Chantrey's Washington.

And now I talk of statues. Do you know we have now a Hall of Sculpture, which presents you with, first and foremost, Michel Angelo's "Day and Night," in a colossal cast of the original size, and this *Day* may give the innocent beholder some idea of what is meant by the greatness of Michel Angelo.

Clavinger is carving out every body that has a head, and some few that have not, but are aspirers. His last work is a bust of Allston, which is a lifelike and miraculous likeness, besides possessing the highly intellectual character which his head shows in moments of excitement. He has caught its noblest character, and indeed he is unfailing in that; with an unerring eye for likeness and the characteristic details of physiognomy he never fails to idealize unconsciously, so that the temporary expression is left out, and the permanent stamp and seal of soul is secured.

He has not been successful with his bust of grandfather, and it is, as I think, his only failure. But there could not be a worse guide than one of Stuart's portraits, which is so essentially picturesque, with none of the clear, strong outline of which sculpture is made. I only wish it might not be made in marble, for besides that it wants the likeness to grandfather: it resembles some other person. It is not *his* face, and it is another face. Clavinger is going to Italy forthwith with a whole shipload of busts to do in marble.

Next week I am going to Allston's for the last time, and he has promised me that his

* Margaret Fuller.

great easel will be up then. He is full of heart and hope, as if he were as young as the youngest.

At last I have got nothing to do but to paint, and have sent to London for some brushes and colors which will arrive, I hope, in a week or two more, and then I shall begin in good earnest and devote the next six months to it.

I had a short visit from Ellen C. She has improved very much I think,—certainly in manners, and I hope in mind, but that is not so apparent. Emma (Keats) has not yet made her visit to me. She has been with Ellen Fuller to Groton, and I hope to have her here a week before she begins her studies with Margaret.

Tell Anna that she has not yet written to me, as I think—I have no evidence of it. I am impatient to hear what they do to entertain Anna; but tell her she need not write if she has too much else to do.

Ever your sister,
SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 32 letters.
My 9, 15, 5, 27, 19, 29 is a tree.
My 2, 8, 4, 16, 21, is a promontory or cape.
My 17, 30, 25, 6, 10, 3, is a boiling spring, which throws out jets of water, etc.
My 18, 14, 1, 23, 30, is to plan.
My 13, 24, 31, is an obstruction to navigation.
My 26, 11, 28, 17, is an amphibious four-footed animal.
My 12, 22, 1, 7, is the title of the ruler of Persia.
My 20, 8, 32, 10, is a shrub of many species.
My whole is an old saying.

II.

A CURIOUS GARDEN.

1. What the sun did this morning.
2. The stamp of a wise man.
3. National problems.

4. Eugene Sue's hero.
5. What a frog does.
6. Two kinds of candy.
7. A dilapidated bird.
8. Useful articles.

—Every Other Sunday.

III.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. A female deer. Departure.
Conclusion. A consonant.

IV.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?

1. Modern Cincinnatus.
2. Poor Richard.
3. Swamp Fox.
4. Brother Jonathan.
5. Mad Anthony.

V.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a word meaning to ship: behead me, and I am the last of a story.
2. I am a word meaning luminous: behead me, and I am correct.
3. I am a word meaning frigid: behead me, and I am ancient.
4. I am a word meaning durable: behead me, and I am an article of furniture.
5. I am a word meaning a short prayer before a meal: behead me, and I am a contest of speed.

Answers to puzzles in the April Number.

- I. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Call, Hall. 2. Last, East. 3. Tile, Pile. 4. Ego, Ago. 5. Sable, Table. 6. Ore, Ire. 7. Tare, Care. 8. Odd, Add. Hepatica.

- II. SOME FAMOUS MEN.—1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 2. James Russell Lowell. 3. William Henry Harrison. 4. Washington Irving. 5. John Hancock.

- III. A SEA TRIP.—1. Secrecy. 2. Prophecy. 3. Fallacy. 4. Expectancy. 5. Emergency. 6. Currency.

- IV. SUGGESTIONS.—1. George Washington. 2. Abraham Lincoln. 3. Horatius. 4. Benjamin Franklin. 5. Richard III. and Alexander the Great. 6. King Alfred. 7. Robert Bruce and Mohammed. 8. Nero.

- V. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Dreyfus.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who received a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe St., Quincy, Mass.

Rev. W. A. Alleyn, Burlington, Wisconsin, and Mrs. L. E. Abbott-Holt Landrum, South Carolina, R. D. 2, would be glad to receive the "American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal." Either current numbers or a complete file of recent year.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The May meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, May 1st, at 10.30 A.M.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Hereafter, subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

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